105.2108-Hall Diary-Pt

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DIARY OF REVEREND HALL, TAKEN FROM
NEW YORK JOURNAL OF OCT.18,19,20, 22,
23 and 24, 1922

"MONDAY-July 31-On board the "Calvin Austin"-Dear, dear heart of mine, they were sweet moments we had together this morning-but, oh, all so short-I am looking at you yet as you turned and walked down Huntington Street. I started on schedule and met Mother at Jersey City and took her way to New York to meet my sister. The boat left at five-every moment I have been with you, dear heart, and every moment you are with me. Goodnight."

"TUESDAY-August 1-First thought is of you, my dearest.Reached Boston at 7:30 o'clock, very hot- went shopping and in the afternoon went to the movies andsaw Mary Miles Minter in a picture. Sent you (or, rather,Daniel) a card from the State House. Hot and sultry all day-very cloudy at night. Left Boston at six and at 9 ran into fog so the whistle is blowing. Goodnight wonder-heart-every breath is yours."

"WEDNESDAY-August 2-Up at 6 at Rockland and took boat for Seal Harbor-dense fog all the way-reached Seal at 11 and over to Islesford. Unpacked in the afternoon-Darling, I do want you to see these islands some day-oh, you must-Darling, do you know how I am longing, longing for you?"

"THURSDAY-August 3-This morning George Kemmer invited me to go sailing with him, and in the afternoon a large party went in George Kemmer's launch to Somerville. I had hoped to stop at Seal Harbor to see if there was a card from you, but we were so late we had to come directly back to Islesford. I hope surely to go to Seal Harbor tomorrow. Goodnight, darling. I am living with you-rather, we are together every moment, dear heart of mine!"

"FRIDAY-August 4-Another disappointment today, dear-I had hoped surely to get to Seal Harbor-but the fog set in thick very early so I waited until afternoon-Fog still as heavy as ever so I had to give up-Nothing but loafing around the island today-read a little-slept a little-took several walks to the dock just waiting for tomorrow,dear, when I will go to Seal-fog or no fog-I know there is a letter waiting there for me-Goodnight my beloved- Every blessing for my treasure-It seemed as tho' I live less and less in the body & more & more in your dear spirit-"

"SATURDAY-Aug.5-Dear, dear heart-what a wonderful day!-clear & bright this morning so at 9:30 we went to Seal-my dear, dear letter was awaiting me-I knew it would be there-Darling I did love it so-I want letters every five minutes now-I am a pig,pig,pig-oh how I devoured every letter of the card the envelope. I sent off a card to you but did not have a good chance to write and did not know how freely to talk for I did not know who might be at the house when the card reached you.

"Dearest, you know I wanted to write volumes-you read between the lines I am sure-We took a walk around Bubble Pond-Eagle Pond and Jordan Pond and returned to Islesford in the afternoon-Darling, I am radiant tonight because of your letter, yet perplexed and troubled, too, because when we got back to Islesford there was a letter from Minnie saying that you had not been well-I shall write

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you tomorrow and I will eagerly wait your next letter-Goodnight, wonder-heart of mine! It will be a strange Sunday - away from you."

"SUNDAY-Aug.6-This morning I went to the chapel on the Island & heard the missionary of the Maine Sea Coast Mission.

"Dearest, every moment today I have been living with you - wondering where you are - at church - at home - did you walk up to Nichol Ave. in the evening - This afternoon I wrote to you and this evening I shall have been singing the Kashimiri Song - the Radiance of Your Eyes - Love's Garden of Roses-

"Dearest, will these days EVER pass - each one seems weeks long - oh, how I long to be with you again-clasp you to me-kiss you all over - talk-talk-talk to you & just look at you & dream & wonder - I carry your picture with me & dream & dream & dream - what wonderful love - True-strong-loyal-the Fire of Love that burns up everything unworthy & makes me feel nobler every moment - Dearest you must be feeling & knowing how I am loving you tonight - 'Goodnight, goodnight, beloved - I come to watch ober thee'."

"MONDAY-Aug.7-Another day of fog, dear heart, so foggy & disagreeable that all this morning I stayed indoors & read most of the time - I am reading three books - the Outline of Science, which I spoke to you about - the Story of Mankind (History) - and the 'Life of the Spirit & the Life of Today' - a book I found in Boston & a book you will love but rather theological - but it is just the Life of the Spirit that we understand - I want to discuss every page with you - In the afternoon I played on the organ downstairs - like the organ in the Guild Room - Today I am hoping you received the card telling of the safe arrival of your letter - you must never be without messages from me & I will write as often as seems wise - Goodnight blessed heart of mine - I am getting to bed early & hoping for good weather tomorrow so I can go to Seal Harbor -

"TUESDAY,Aug.8-Fog and rain in the morning-but I went to Seal anyway-a blessed letter from you - Darling do you KNOW how much I love them? - How thrilled I am to get them? - Oh! I think you know & it gives you joy to write-then on getting back to Islesford-your dear long Sunday letter was here-& the clippings-I love the poem on Faith-you shall have all the poems I can get for you-after dinner George Kemmer took us out in his boat- to N.E.Harbor where I sent you a card- & to Otter Creek - It was cold coming home so I shall have to dose up tonight or I will have a cold-Heaven's blessings for the dearest, dearest sweetheart that ever, ever lived."

"WEDNESDAY,Aug.9-Darling-such a day as this ! Wonderfully clear & bright-such as few days are up here-after breakfast we formed a party of six & climbed Sargent Mt. 1380 ft. - oh how I longed for you-you have been with me EVERY STEP of the way-we took lunch &

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didn't get back here until 6 P.M. - rather tired so went to bed early - a wonderful night too - moon and stars wonderfully bright & a perfect calm & stillness - as wonderful as our love dear heart - I got your newspaper clippings today - I love to read what you have read - Goodnight beloved - Immer D.T.L."

"THURSDAY, Aug.10-Dear dearling heart of mine - I know there must be a letter for me at Seal Harbor today. I won't be able to get it - A party was formed this morning to go to Golt's Island - an all day trip & an ideal day for it - so at 10 we left, reached there 11:30, had lunch, wandered about the island & returned at 5 - Tonight it is cold and cloudy and does not promise well for tomorrow but I shall surely get over to Seal H. to get my letter. Dearest these days are weeks long-How can I stay away from you so long! I don't know myself - I want to fondle and caress you oh so much - I want to hold you close in my arms and know that you are safe and happy and warm - Dearest we were made for each other's arms. That is our Heaven - our Home and every moment away from there is a moment away from home. Goodnight, dear dearly beloved - all the universe of Love crushed into my love for you."

"FRIDAY, Aug.11-Good morning, darling- cloudy & overcast this morning so I stayed at home - wrote some - read & did some odss & ends. There was talk of a walk to Western Mt., but it had to be given up - In the P.M. we went to Jordan Pond for tea & on the way I stopped at Seal Harbor and found your 2 dear letters awaiting me - Darling can words ever tell you how happy these love messages make me - It is your love in everything that you say that makes me so happy - Tonight there is a play 'Coast Folks' by the Island people & dancing afterward but I shall not stay - no, never dance for me without my 'Gray Wolf' snuggled beside me - Goodnight, dear heart -"

"SATURDAY, Aug.12-This hasn't been a day of any consequence, dear- This morning we went over to Seal Harbor & back on the mail boat- I went to the P.O. & another of your dear good letters was awaiting for me - In the P.M., after changing plans several times, we took a walk to one of the beaches on the Island called Bunker's Head - then had tea at 4 - nothing doing this evening so I will get to bed early - have a little indigestion - nausea & a headache - not much - but just enough to make me long more and more for those dear hands of yours on my head - oh how I would like to snuggle up in your arms tonight - It is what I need dearest, I know, & nothing else can satisfy me."

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"SUNDAY, AUG. 13--Good morning, dear heart--Sunday is always a lonely day without you--why is it that you just belong to Sunday as you belong to me--and I can never think of you and Sunday apart--Dearest do you know what thought suddenly came to me to-day? It was that in connection with SAT. AUG. 5--I was so excited over receiving your letter & Minnie's saying you were sick that I forgot to say that while we walked by Bubble Pond the water looked so cool & tempting that I just dropped off my clothes & went in in my birthday suit--a gay gypsy--oh how I longed for you then--

"This morning I went to the Congregational Church here--I like to feel that we are ALL Christians--but I really can't worship in those churches--they seem to have such a casual idea of God--so familiar & rather cheap--Dear, they don't know love as we do--WE want an altar and a sense of adoration--This afternoon I read and wrote for a while--then took a short walk around the Island--Nothing doing this evening so I shall get to bed early. Good night, dearest--I love your Sunday letters & I shall wait eagerly for this one."

MONDAY, AUG. 14-- Dear dear wonder heart--oh SUCH a letter from you this morning--written Friday evening by your window--Darling you do write such wonderful letters--Full of spirit--The ink glows like phosphorous--such a beautiful spirit pervades everything you write--I went over to Seal Harbor alone to get your letter for I felt such one would be there--This afternoon I have done nothing much--very hot and foggy today--it must be very hot in N.B.--I went down to the dock and watched the gulls for a while--it was too hot to walk--This evening we have been to the Islesford P. O. for some ice cream--& now (9:30) I am getting to bed--I need a good walk as I feel heavy and loggy--a slight headache--I will walk tomorrow if weather permits--Good night my own precious gypsy--

N.B.--"Darling--wonder-heart--To-day I sent you a letter that means much to us--I mean the one in which I told you I had gotten a telegram from a private detective I told you about--to the effect that he had proof that settles Ian Smythe definitely--and for all time--he will not try to bother you again!

TUESDAY, AUGUST 15--You know today's story pretty much already dear heart--I wanted a walk so very much & saw an opportunity to be alone with you that I started off in the morning to Seal Harbor--bought some post cards and sent them to you--then I walked up Penetie Mt. & stayed at the top about 3 hours--reading & dreaming of you & saying "where are you now?" I know you must have felt me very near you all day--I came down about 3:30--stopped at Jordan Pond House--had tea & got a sweet pea for you--then I returned to Islesford reaching there about 6--in the evening I write to you so that I can get the letter in the early morning mail--Good night beloved. The days are passing--10 more & D.V. I will be in your arms and hold you close in my arms--

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WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 16--Oh so hot today my dear heart. I do hope you are not having this weather in N.B.--so hot and sultry not to leave the Island today but get to work on my post cards for the Parish. So I worked on them nearly all the morning--reading a little in between times--This afternoon I worked on them a little, too & walked around the Island. About five thunder clouds came up and now we are having a smart shower. Your Sunday letter came today--It was a real good letter dear--but really I could hardly keep from smiling--It was so very formal & not like my gypsy at all--but it was my wonder heart in the lovely things you said. But darling--I do love the "babykins" and the "dearest" & it isn't YOU without them--Good night darling I will write to you then work on more post cards.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 17--"I took my lonely swim in Bubble Pond--so lonely, too--sunset on the pond & it gave me melancholy forebodings--the water was red under the sinking sun & then gold--then nervous--yellow--water. You realize blind devotion appeals under true love--so I'm in Eve's Eden this day. Lights are brighter yonder. From the one you have made see rightfully his colorless past--now & forever thine"--

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"THURSDAY, AUG. 17--Another of Maine's wonderful clear days--my darling--the atmosphere was so wonderfully clear that a party was formed to climb Western Mt.--we left at 10 for S. W. Harbor--took an auto to the foot of the mountain--had lunch on top--and returned reaching Islesford at 6:15--another tired night--so am taking a hot bath to take out the soreness in the muscles & turning in early--Good night dear darling heart. I whistled "Where Are You Now" and "Romance of Your Eyes" as we went up the mountain--You were with me every moment--the air clear and strong today--like our love--

"FRIDAY, AUG. 18--What a contrast to yesterday, my dear--late last night we had a thunder shower & that changed the atmosphere--fog set in this morning--it was so thick I gave up thought of going to Seal Harbor for mail--so sent off Parish post cards and waited for this afternoon--then the fog was worse than ever--so I shall have to wait until to-morrow & I KNOW those letters are there. Blessed heart I know that when I get back to N. B. I shall not want to be out of your sight for ONE MOMENT. How wonderful our love is! How it has grown even in these three weeks--I feel that it is richer, deeper--stronger--more perfect than ever--The truth of the 'Living Sacrifice' is my Rock of Ages--

"SATURDAY, AUG. 19--Dear, dear heart--all those precious letters that I received at Seal Harbor this morning! Dearest your letters have been marvelous--so true, calm, strong, the very reflection of yourself--I can feel YOU thro' and thro' every one of them--I had to make a purpose to get to Seal H. to-day so suggested a trip to Bar Harbor---we go to Seal then take a boat to Bar Harbor--over there we did a few errands and I tried to get the 'Indian Love Lyrics' of Laurence Hope,--no luck--will try in Boston--later we finished up at Jordan Pond & I got another letter on my way back from there--Good night beloved mine! You will be writing your last letter to me to-day--will these days EVER pass until I hold you close again?

"SUNDAY, AUG. 20--Another sunday away from you--dearest heart--always you are 'immer' (Note: "always") with me--yet on Sundays you always seem especially near--because I know we are worshipping together--to-day I went over to St. Mary's Church--N. E. Harbor--it was a fine service--Bishop Brewster of Conn. had charge of the service--a Hy. Lewis preached on the text--it is Finished--saying that it referred to character. So our Lord emphasized character rather than achievement--It isn't what HAS as what a man IS--a fine service--morning prayer and the Holy Communion--In the P. M. I took a nap--read a little--& took a short walk to Maypole Point to see the sunset. Nothing doing to-night so I have read a little & am now ready to get to bed--Good night darling 5 more days & D. V. I can clasp you close to myself again.

"MONDAY, AUG. 21--Off for a long trip to-day. At 10 we left for Seal, where I got all your dear letters, which included those lovely poems. Dearest, I really have been very clever in the way I have gotten mail steadily at Seal, and no one knows anything about it. How our love

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sharpens our wits! When we went--a party of 7--to Jordan Pond--the Bubbles--S. W. Valley--the chasm--the Grant Slide and Somes Sound. In all, about 10 or 12 miles, and rather stiff walking and climbing. We did not get back here until 8 p. m., and your clippings were awaiting me here. It seems like a direct greeting from you--which it is. I am fairly well tired, but not overtired, so will get to bed directly. Good-night, dear sweetheart of mine--four more days and three more nights to linger thro' until we are together again."

"TUESDAY, AUG. 22nd"

Here the diary abruptly ends.

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